

DELL

JAN.-MARCH

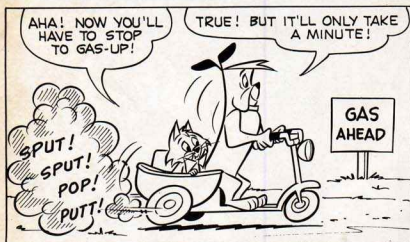
Still 10¢

Ruff and Reddy



RUFF and REDDY

HOT SEAT



**RUFF
and
REDDY**

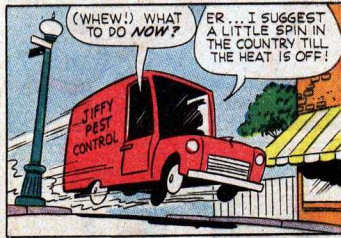
the PEST of the WEST



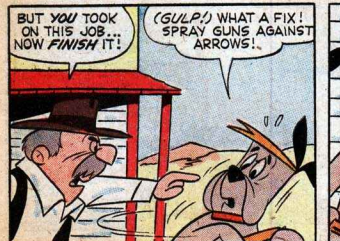
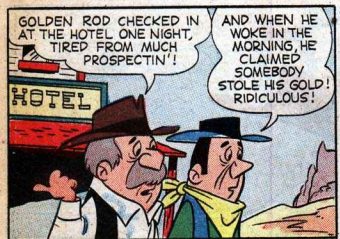
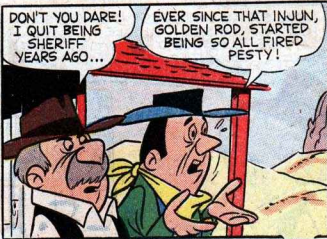
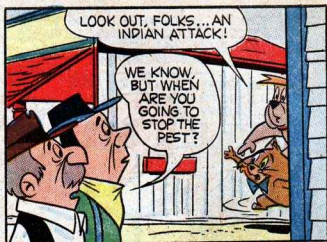
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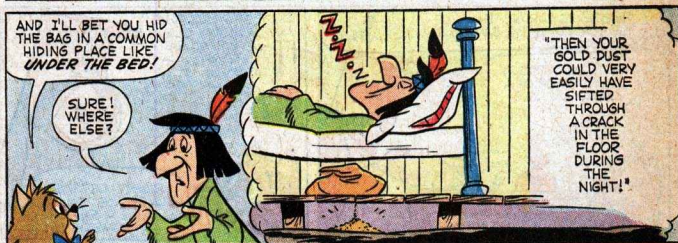












AND BACK AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...



SILLY! IT'S REAL MONEY! YOU SEE, I WAS WORRIED ABOUT MY FUR COAT SO I TOOK IT TO MY FURRIER! HE SAID YOUR SPRAY SAVED MY VALUABLE FUR FROM NASTY **MOTHS**!



THREE REWARDS! THINK OF THE **VACATION** WE CAN TAKE!

HEH! OKAY, REDDY! I'M IN FAVOR OF A VACATION NOW, TOO!



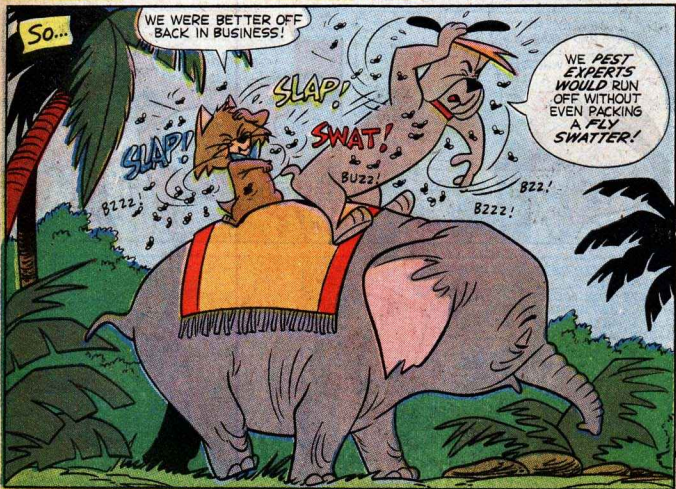
AND LET'S NOT TAKE ANY ORDINARY OLD RUN-OF-THE-TOURIST-MILL TYPE OF VACATION...

RIGHT! LET'S GO SOMEPLACE REAL UNUSUAL... LIKE A **SAFARI**! OR SOMETHING!



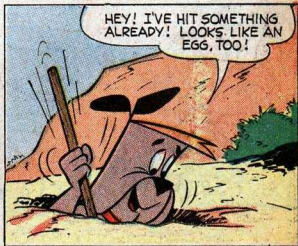
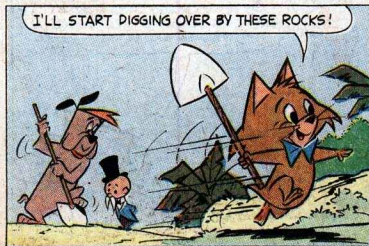
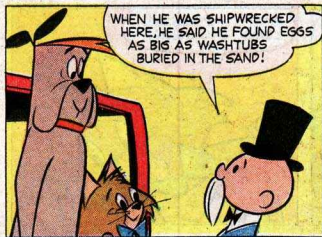
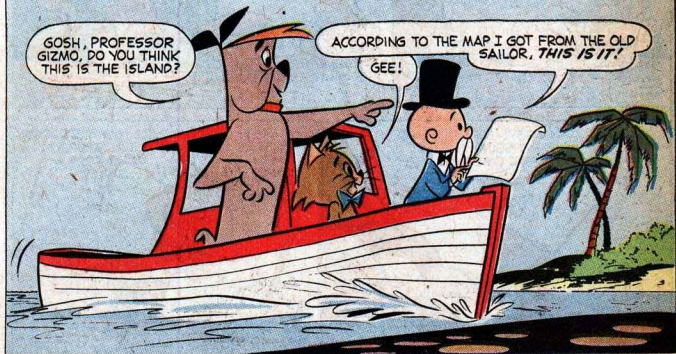
So...

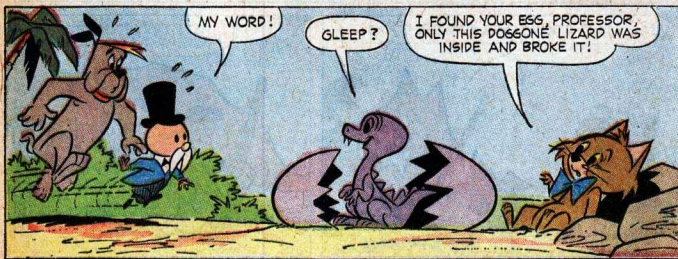
WE WERE BETTER OFF BACK IN BUSINESS!

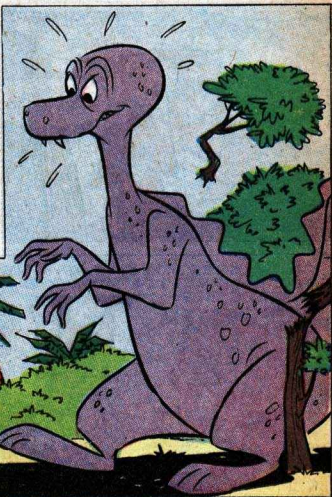
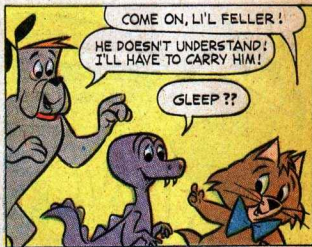
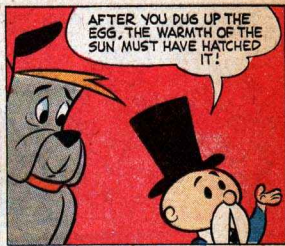


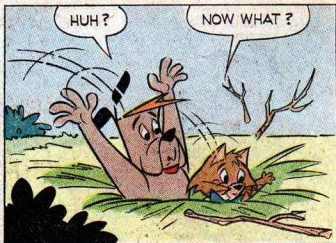
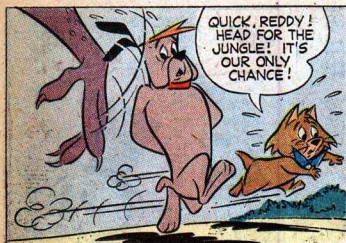
RUFF and REDDY

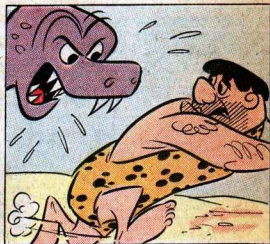
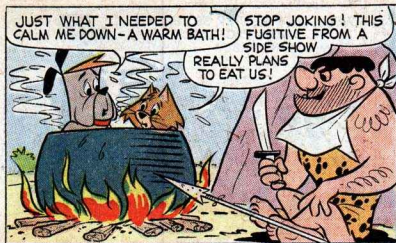
EGGHEADS

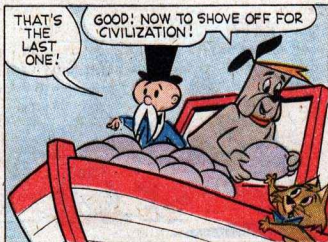














Cap'n Pete Pelican was on a flying tour of South America. As he skimmed over an Indian village, he noticed great activity centered around a small clearing, where the Indians were busy shearing the native beasts of their shaggy coats.

"Shiver me timbers, but I'm sure glad I'm a bird and not a furry beastie," he shuddered. The pelican's great wings soon carried him past the village to the foot of the Andes Mountains.

"Aha, here I am in the land of the ancient Inca," he muttered to himself as he settled down to get a better view of the area from the side of a steep slope.

He was admiring the view and thinking about the ancient Inca civilization when an eerie sound interrupted his thoughts.

"Help-help! Lost-lost!" the cry echoed around him.

"Sounds like somebody has gotten off course and needs my help. I'd better investigate."

Cap'n Pete searched the slopes and suddenly came upon a strange little animal, crying forlornly.

"Help me. I've lost my mama," he bleated.

"Avast, Matey. Belay that bellowing," Cap'n Pete called heartily. "Wonder what his name is," Cap'n Pete pondered. "Como se llama?" he asked aloud in his very best Spanish.

"Llama," the little fellow sniffled, raising his tear-streaked face to look at the big bird.

"A llama. Of course. Llamas are native to the Andes. I should have remembered." Pete laughed. "Well, Matey, if you'll stow that sad face, Cap'n Pete will help you. What's your trouble?"

"I've lost my mama," the little llama sobbed. "When I went to sleep last night (sob), she was right here at my side (sniff). She's never left me before (sob). What will I do all alone? She's lost, and I'll never see her again."

"Cap'n Pete Pelican is here now, lad, and has the situation well in hand," he proclaimed from his perch on a pointed peak. "Those beasties that I saw in that Indian village looked strangely like my little lost friend here," Pete remembered. "That mama llama probably was rounded up before she had a chance to tell her baby that she would be right back. Guess I'd better take him down the mountain to her now, before he drowns himself in a puddle of his own tears.

"Fasten your eyes on my keel, Matey, and stick close." Pete barked his orders to the little llama. "We steer our course dead ahead, then a little to starboard. You can never solve your problems by crying, you know. Clear your decks for action. Mark a true course. Then set sail," he advised as he led the little llama down the rocky slope straight to the Indian village where the natives were clipping the older llamas of their thick, woolly coats.

"Mama, Mama," the little llama cried unhappily, surveying the creatures made so strange-looking by the clipping. But the mama llama saw her little one, broke away from the group of shorn beasts, and was soon reassuring the little llama.

"Oh, Mama." The little llama smiled at last. "I thought you were lost."

"The only thing that was lost around here was an old fur coat," Cap'n Pete laughed, glad that he had been able to bring the little lost llama and the missing mama llama together again.

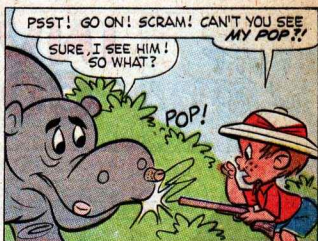
LEON *the* TEENSY WEENSY LION

JUNGLE COLUMBUS





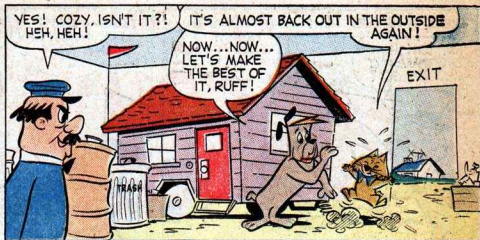


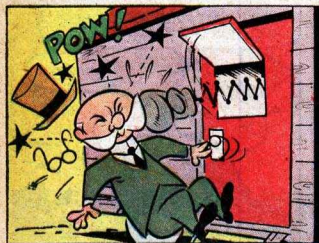
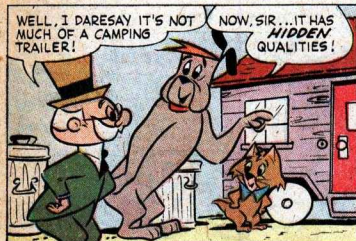
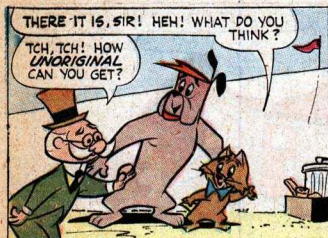


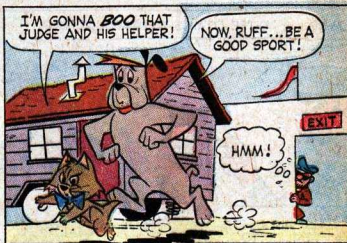
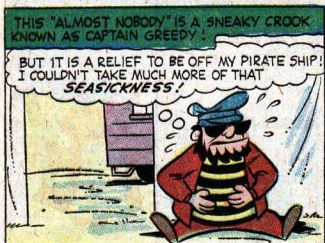
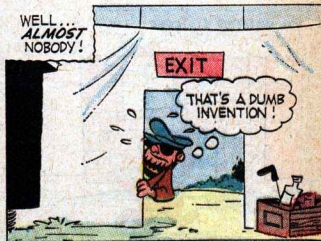
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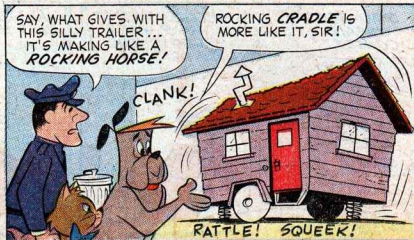
INVENTION CONVENTION

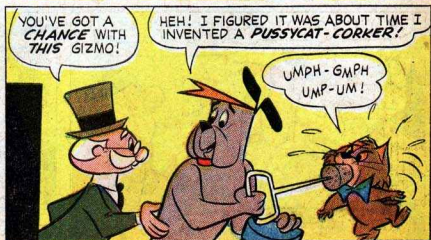
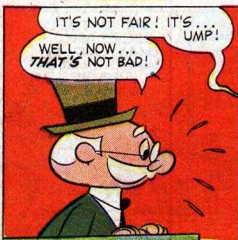






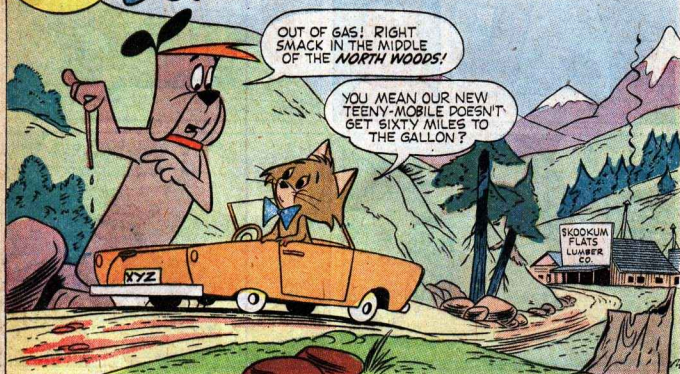


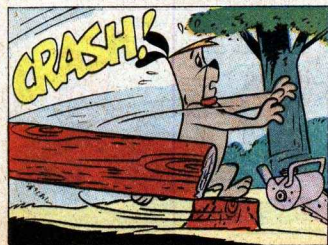
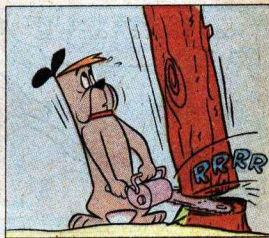
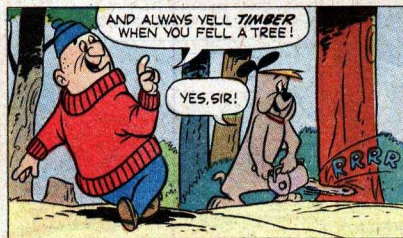
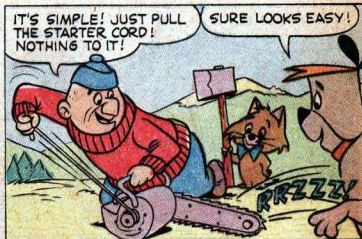


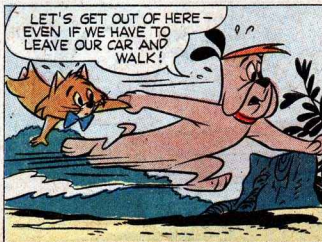


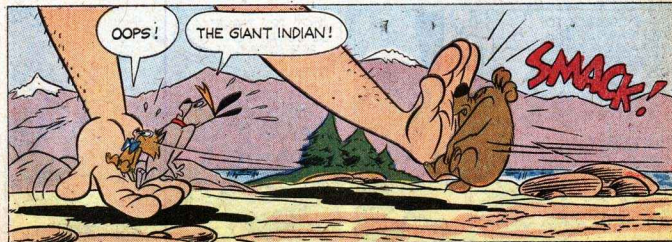
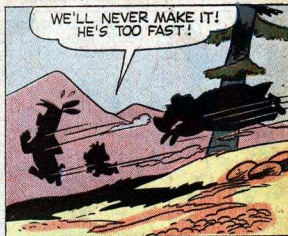
**RUFF
and
REDDY**

LUMBER, PLEASE













RUFF *and* REDDY

SILENT PARTNER

HEY! WE GOT AN INVITATION
TO A *COSTUME* PARTY!..



REDDY! WAKE UP!!



DOGGONE HIM...HE SLEEPS SOUND! IT'LL RUIN
MY FUN IF HE DOESN'T GO TO THE PARTY
WITH ME!



HMM!. MAYBE THIS ALL FOR
THE BEST AFTER ALL ...



YEAH! THOSE ARE
JUST THE COSTUMES
FOR US!

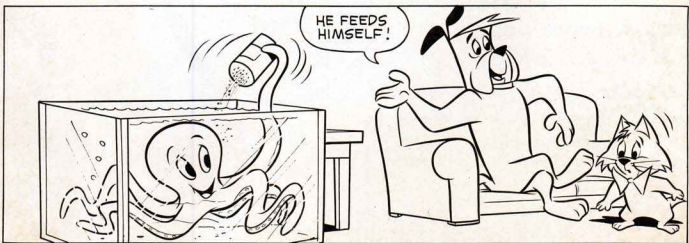
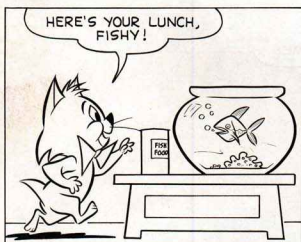
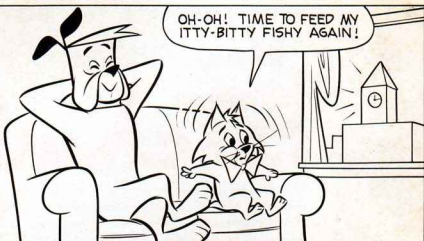


HE COULDN'T PLAY THE PART ANY BETTER
IF HE WAS AWAKE!



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